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MEXICAN WOMEN.



We hope the dear creatures—if this should happen to meet the eyes of any of them—will not be offended at not being termed ladies, which is considered the prerogative of all their sisters on this side of the Rio Grande; but *n'importe*, we learn from the very able and interesting work of Waddy Thompson, that he could not pronounce the Mexican women handsome, for they were not—but with

a diplomatic dash of his pen, he adds, neither are they ugly. Their manners, however, are perfect—bless them for that—for an ill-mannered, vulgar lady is our detestation—and says the minister, “in the attributes of the heart, affection, kindness, and benevolence in all their forms, they have no superiors. They are eminently graceful in everything but dancing.” That does not come by nature

and professors of the divine art saltatorial are very scarce in Mexico.

The general nature of feminine life in Mexico appears to be to dress highly for great occasions, and to indulge in no superfluous habiliments, when they would be at their ease. Clothing is not required by the climate, and the fair creatures, or rather brunettes, we should say, indulge in the largest liberty in that particular. The pleasure of their lives is on the principle of being able to endure a vast amount of do-nothingness. They rise late, and spend the larger portion of the day standing in the open windows, which extend to the floor—if the house happen to have windows; if not they lounge in the door way, (it was there our artist sketched his subjects,) and according to Mr. Thompson, a man might safely bet on any day that at every house one or more buxom beauties might be seen either at the doors or windows. At 5 o'clock P. M. the higher classes ride on the Plaza, and then adjourn to the theatre or opera, and in this routine, with the exception of routes, dinners and concerts, they pass their whole butterfly existence, in a delicious dream of *dolce far niente*.

TALES.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

“MY FORTUNE'S MADE!”

BY MARY ALEXINA SMITH.

My young friend Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of a band-box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these, was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the very “pink” of neatness, in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceeding particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw, from the first, that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest; and so it proved.

“How admirably they are fitted for each other,” I remarked to my husband, on the night of the wedding. “Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct; and both have good principles.”

“From all present appearances, the match will be a good one,” replied my husband. There was I thought something like reservation in his tone.

“Do you really think so?” I said a little ironically: for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

“Oh, certainly! Why not?” he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking; but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic, nor sanguine; and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the marriage state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life, a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora, one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper; her hair was in papers; and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" said I. "What is the matter? Have you been sick?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabille rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh, well! No matter" she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes; I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now."

"Why not?"

"Didn't I just say?" replied Cora. "My fortune's made. I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting, was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness in order to win Edward's love," said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith! Do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora. But remember, that he cannot see what is in your mind except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And, depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him, day after day in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray do you dress? You are as neat when abroad, as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go upon the street, or into company; to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favor of your dressing well at home and for the eye of your husband, whose approval, and whose admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dress maker would have against him in that event. Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora; and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad, she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her, to realize that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before. But even this, did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were confirming themselves, and becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made, and why should she now waste time, or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance.

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before; and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved; nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen, annoyed him seriously; and still more so, when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and she need not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel much complimented; but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied on one occasion quite coolly and indifferently.—Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table, with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaven face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and, with slipshod feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora.

"If you knew how dreadfully you looked."

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what's come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I am just as well off to-day, as if I had. So much saved at any rate."

But Cora urged the matter, and her husband

finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and why need I care about what others say or think?"

On the following morning, Douglass appeared not only with a long beard, but with a bosom and collar that were both soiled and rumpled.

"Why Edward! How you do look!" said Cora. "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and ran his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently as he did so.

"It's no matter—I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress, is waste of time; and I'm getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone, quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come until after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present; and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me—

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It's a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlor opened, and in walked Mr. Douglass. At first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up, in stiff spikes, in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days; and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled; his boots unblackened; and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why my dear fellow! What is the matter?" said my husband frankly, for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and that the gentlemen were looking at each other, and trying to repress their risible tendencies; and therefore

deemed it best to throw off all reserve on the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" Douglass looked grave.

"Well may he ask what's the matter?" broke in Cora, energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight!" And Edward looked down at himself; felt his beard, and run his fingers through his hair. "What's the matter? Is any thing wrong?"

"You look as if you'd just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on, and come off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" And Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner—

"I've been extremely hurried of late; and only left my store a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress up. I knew we were all friends here. Besides *as my fortune is made*"—and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, towards his wife—"I don't feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married, it was necessary to be particular in these matters, but now it's of no consequence."

I turned towards Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us, pretty soon. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious. "So help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But it's too bad in you, Mr. Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson to Cora," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I could venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I, in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding, and every thing else, we all had a hearty laugh, over the matter, on my return to the parlor, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves, I never inquired. But one thing is certain; I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterwards at home or abroad. She was cured.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY.

No. 5.

LAVINIA—If the great object of social intercourse be the elevation of the human character, a single glance over the surface of society, will serve to convince us that the means employed, are altogether inadequate to accomplish the end proposed. To maintain a true dignity of character, we must have intelligence and integrity, and these have very unfortunately become only secondary considerations by many. Why the beauties of intellect, and the virtues of the heart do not everywhere meet with a ready welcome, since every one acknowledges their importance, may be a question in moral Algebra which philosophers are able to solve; but my

intention is not at this time to enter into problems so abstruse. Almost every one, from the mischievous schoolboy, to the venerable proprietor of silver locks, will acknowledge that mind is the distinguishing feature of humanity; and one from this fact, would be led to expect from every community, some correspondence between conduct and opinion, unless in such community treachery to avowed faith is scrupulously enforced. But what is the true solution of the fact? Sorrowing answers come up from the bosom of society, and instead of seeing persons estimated in proportion to the loftiness of their thoughts, or the depth of their researches, we behold intellect holding a subordinate rank to fortune and meretricious splendor.

Do not consider me harsh Lavinia, when I say that your own sex display an equal sagacity in their estimate of masculine pretensions, and are giving to a profuse expenditure of their eye and lip opulence on those whose purses are more remarkable for their glittering contents, than the anterior lobes of their brain are for common sense, if I may be allowed to speak phrenologically. These interesting specimens of your sex, seem to look upon mind as they do upon virtue—a pretty good thing for the cloister; while they consider the world a great bazaar, where smiles and blushes and beauty are merchantable articles. This will always be the case in a community where love and lucre shake hands together—where beauty and avarice form a holy alliance. Intellect that is even archangelic in its character, must fail before the shrine of gilded impotence, and psalm-singing virtue run an imminent hazard of receiving a posterior assistance to its locomotive power. In former times it was customary for women in the selection of partners for life, to have considerable regard to those invisible qualities which belong to the mind and the heart. But now, even in the nineteenth century! the love of the epaulette triumphs over the love of the laurel, and the eye which is lit by the reflections of gold, has more charms than the eye from which beams the holier light of inspiration. They see no necessity of the heart being sublimed by the operations of the christian religion: a well made coat is the most resplendent manifestation they can see in a gentleman's character: they tell you that his rival whiskers, throw aspiring genius into the shade; and infinitely more enchanting to their views are the bowels of Potosi, than the sunny heights of Parnassus.

It is true however, that we are occasionally called upon to refresh our senses on the spectacle of some who profess sentiment, and who believe that love is not a fiction of poetry, but a real animating principle, sent into this world on the amiable mission of uniting into one bond, hearts which breathe the atmosphere of truth, and pant for the glories of a brighter realm. Such an one loves beauty, but renders not her whole soul to its sorcery. She prizes the tender sensibilities which appertain to the human heart, and regards good sense not only as an embellishment, but as an indispensable qualification of excellence. She requires the man who approaches her in the attitude of a suitor, to have a mind adequate to the appreciation of an abstract principle, and a heart which swells with emotion beneath the storm-cloud and the stars. She confesses that intellect is worthy of all admiration; that the sons of genius are more deserving of veneration than those compounded of commoner clay:

she deems the inspired brow of song as worthy of her reverence, and on such a brow would willingly bind the wreath of her affections.

With what melancholy emotions have I sometimes watched the light-heeled votaries of Terpsichore, and gazed Lara-like upon the scene! There we behold the glittering belle with a heart as light as her heel, and a mind lighter than either, floating through a fleet of admirers, with a smile of triumph on her lips. And there too, is the superannuated coquette, who has outlived her charms—with jealousy and a sense of neglect in the expression of her face. Dream you Lavinia that of such came the mother of a Doddridge or a Jones? Do you suppose that a Milton or a Curran will ever spring from those who in that giddy circle are making themselves agreeable to the ladies, and whose heads are as remarkable for the luxuriance of their exterior, as they are for the emptiness of their interiors? But we must not apply too severe a test; neither would I be understood as totally condemning the dance. I only allude to it because it is there that the fooleries and foibles of people are more vividly displayed than any where else. The truth is, a great many men and women are poor creatures, and if they did not dance, they would probably do nothing better. Where you bring a promiscuous assemblage of persons together, a variety of occupations is necessary; you must eat, and you must drink a little; you must talk, and you must dance a little, or the god of slumber instead of the god of mirth will sway his sceptre over you. But after all that can be said in favor of dancing, it must be confessed, that to see a company whirling about to the scraping of a fiddler, is not the most dignified aspect under which we can contemplate the heirs of immortality.

The ladies very properly say—and you Lavinia will no doubt chime in with them—that their beaux exercise a prerogative old as Adam, and are so apt to introduce the topics of discussion, that it is to them you are indebted for their champagne qualities. With humiliation we must confess this to be the case, for I have often observed that even those ladies who are not omniscient, love to hear intellectual conversation. They are charmed by Circean sounds even though they may not be able to account for the pleasure on scientific principles. They will immediately surrender their attention to him who mingles philosophy and poetry, fact and fiction together in his talk. There is no jealousy felt by them for his intellectual superiority; admiration is the only feeling that glances from their eye. They regard intellect as the most powerful charm with which a man can invest himself; in his presence the race of fools stand no chance of winning their smiles; and the great reason why such do sometimes condescend to listen to the gabble of ninnies, is that they must do so or frequently cut themselves off from all communication with the rougher sex.

On most social occasions the human tongue is put to a very improper use. If we may judge from the quality of the talk common at parties, we have every reason to believe that the majority of those who flourish at them, deposit their heads, or what is the most important part of these ingenious contrivances—their brains, with their hats in the hall, previous to making their entry. Ye who talk about the illimitability of mind; ye deifiers of the human intellect, did you ever overhear a conversation between a belle and a dandy? What treasures of wit

did not then transpire! What stupendous miracles did not human eloquence then perform! What profundity of thought, what scintillations of knowledge then charmed the ambient air? It is marvellous, that any mind can exist in the light which human genius has poured over the land, and learn nothing. It is wonderful that men can be found, in whom no elevating, no illuminating influences are shed. And yet we meet with those, who for anything we know, might have lived 5000 years since, exactly as they live now. All the improvements in arts and sciences within that period are shrouded in impenetrable shadow to their vision. The past to them is blank, the present unnoticed, and the future wholly unrevealing. But ridicule and irony are unbecoming, for we sincerely believe that the most of those whose eloquence would bring sighs from the heart of a friend of human perceptibility, do their best—and according to Young, "angels can do no more."

One more remark Lavinia, and I close my present communication. In what are called the accomplishments of society, one sees much that is ridiculous. A young lady learns to dance, to drum a tune on the piano, and to utter an imitation of the sounds of French words, and is therefore *par excellence*, accomplished. Accomplished in what? In heart, in mind, in those duties which fit her to ornament the circle in which she is destined to move? No—she has only those superficial acquirements which enable her to singe the wings of those moth-like men who are dazzled by what is glaring or brilliant. It is amusing to observe with what philosophical serenity of countenance, an affectionate father will contemplate the efforts of his daughter, fresh from the boarding school, and accomplished in every thing that unfits her for the duties of womanhood! And then to behold the tranquil smile, or significant glance which irradiates the face of the mother of this accomplished prodigy, would afford much amusement. The education of either sex, which does not fit them for the discharge of the sober duties of life, is shallow. Our path is not always flowery, neither is our sky always clear; and every one should be qualified while young to meet all the fluctuations of fortune.

People have to eat pudding, as well as dance cotillions, in this world, and it seems reasonable that they should be so accomplished, as to be able to produce both as occasion may require. A young lady fashionably educated is unfit to struggle successfully against the necessities of poverty; and when misfortunes sweep remorselessly around her, all her gossamer accomplishments cannot protect her. The proper education of the mind and heart, supplies us with the means of enjoying the sunshine and of enlivening the shadow—of throwing graces around the social hour, and of supporting ourselves when extrinsic supports are rotted by age, or prostrated by adversity.

Claverack, N. Y. 1848. FRANK WESTON.

For the Rural Repository.

RICHES.

BY F. H. BUNNELL.

We have often wondered why it is that so many of our race are toiling after riches. What do they expect to gain even if they become rich at the end of their lives? Happiness is what all without exception are seeking after, and those who are so intent on acquiring the "mighty dollars" expect to

find it in them. But how vain are their expectations. We do not believe (though we cannot speak from experience,) that a rich man was ever contented with his wealth, and is consequently unhappy; and without contentment and quietude, no man can enjoy any substantial or permanent happiness.

An anecdote of the late Stephen Girard, well illustrates the contentment which wealth affords its possessor. A friend of his who had acquired the sum of one million of dollars, came to him one day for advice. Said he, "I have come to ask your advice. I have come to the conclusion that if I am prudent and economical in settling my affairs, I can save about a million of dollars. Now had I better retire from business and live on my income, or shall I continue and amass a fortune?"

"Well," said Mr. G. "if you can bring your mind to it, you will be just as well off as though you were rich." Here we see in what light Mr. Girard looked at riches. A million of money appeared to him like a stingy allowance for a man to live on. Probably he thought that five hundred millions would do for a man to retire upon. And thus it is, acquire whatever sum you please, and you will still look forward to some amount far beyond it, at which you wish to arrive.

"Man's wants are many, and if told
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
He still would long for more."

The miser may feel a kind of pleasure in wresting from others what does not belong to him, and heaping it up in his own coffers; but contentment is as much a stranger to his bosom as honesty and humanity are.

Another reason why riches are repugnant to happiness, is because no man can be *strictly* honest and acquire wealth. In order to become a rich man, the labor and property of others must be converted to our own use, without a just equivalent. What a man acquires more than a decent and comfortable fortune is the property of others. Hence we see one man amassing wealth, and others living on in destitution and want. No man can acquire a fortune by the labor of his own hands alone, and more than that is ill gotten gain, and can never produce true happiness. Another reason why a rich man is not happy is because he never knows who his friends are. He will have flatterers and sycophants fawning around him in abundance, and perhaps true friends, but he cannot discern the difference. He never knows in whom to place implicit and unbounded confidence.

"It is not while riches and splendor surround us,
That friendship and friends can be put to the test."

And who would barter one true, faithful, constant, confiding friend for all the dollars and cents that were ever coined? He who would do it, is unworthy of such a one.

The uncertainty of riches is a sufficient cause to render their possessor unhappy. Who can enjoy that peace and quietude of mind which alone can render a man happy, while half of his fortune is exposed to the uncertainty of the rude and treacherous waves, and the rest liable to be found in ruin the next day? He can place no dependence on mansions and palaces—one touch of the "destructive element" will level them with the ground. There is no safety in merchant ships—one blast of the tempest may engulf them in the deep. The millionaire, in an hour, may be as penniless as a beggar.

Then is there sufficient inducement for a man to spend his life in toil, trouble and disquietude for the pleasure of dying a rich man? No; he who spends his life in pursuit of riches, will find at last, that he has been toiling after a bauble, which when obtained will prove worthless and perplexing.

Maine Village, N. Y. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

A HINT.

"If that young man is nearly ruined, who says 'I care not what the world thinks of me,' the woman who manifests such a defiance of popular opinion is ruined." Such is the remark which one of our city clergymen made in my hearing a few days since, and while I regret its necessary severity, I am compelled to acknowledge its truth. And it is to be regretted that females will be so negligent of appearances, and so reckless of consequences, when the stern fact stares them in the face, that the slightest stain upon their characters can never be washed off. They may wash it with the tears and dry it with the sighs of repentance, and yet it will be indelible. With men it is different; they are judged by a different, a lower standard of morality. They may sin, repent and find forgiveness. As an illustrative instance take the inebriate; he can in the course of a few years, rise to the point from which he fell. So with the swearer; he can repent, and his sin will be forgiven by community. But let a woman once reel through the streets, or in a moment of passion utter a profane speech, and she is in danger of being forever looked upon with jealous eyes and avoided with careful steps.

Ladies can you take the hint?

Hudson, Dec. 1847.

BIOGRAPHY.



TOBIAS SMOLLET, M. D.

TOBIAS SMOLLET, M. D. a Scotch physician, more celebrated as an author. He was born near Cameron on the banks of the Leven, 1720. He was brought up for the medical line, and served as a surgeon in the fleet which bombarded Carthage; but as his professional talents did not meet with encouragement, he commenced author. After trying his fortune in plays and poems, he published in 1748 his *Roderick Random*, 2 vols. 12mo. which excited much of the public attention, and insured success to his future publications. *Peregrine Pickle* appeared in 1751, 4 vols. 12mo. and became very popular, not only on account of its own intrinsic merit, but for the adventures of a lady of quality, lady Vane, and for the entertainment of a republican doctor, supposed to be Akenside, portrayed with all the humor and skill of a most facetious and learned scholar. *Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, appeared in 1754, and the next year the *Critical Re-*

view was undertaken and conducted by him till 1763. In this work he exposed himself to much obloquy, and his censure of admiral Knowles' pamphlet on the Rochefort Expedition, brought on a prosecution against him. He was in consequence fined £100, and imprisoned in the King's Bench three months, during which confinement he wrote his *Sir Lancelot Greaves*, 2 vols. 12mo. In 1762 he enlisted among the periodical writers in defence of Lord Bute's administration, and published the *Briton*, which was immediately followed by the *North Briton*. In 1763 he went abroad for the benefit of his health, and returned after two years' absence, and published an account of his travels, 2 vols. 8vo. a work which Sterne, in his *Sentimental Journey*, ridicules under the name of Smellfungus. His *Humphrey Clinker* appeared in 1771, and soon after, in consequence of the ill state of his health, and other disagreeable circumstances, he left England for Italy. He died in Italy, 21st Oct. 1771, and an epitaph on his monument by his friend Dr. Armstrong, marks the spot of his interment near Leghorn. Besides those works already mentioned, Dr. Smollet published, 1757, an *History of England*, 4 vols. 4to. edited also in 8vo. a work which produced him great profit, though regarded as partial, inaccurate, and hastily written—a translation of *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote* into English—a collection of *Voyages and Travels—the Regicide—poems, &c.* His life has been written by Dr. Anderson, 1796, and since by Dr. Moore. In his character Smollett was a man of acknowledged virtue and probity, and his abilities rank him high in the list of authors of celebrity. His two best works are *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*, and in these he introduces great diversity of characters, interesting descriptions and pleasing variety, though it is to be lamented that some parts of his narrative are more licentious than virtue can approve. His other novels are inferior performances, though they are not devoid of interesting anecdotes. The persecution and poverty to which he was occasionally exposed, ruffled the disposition of this able writer. The mortifications and disappointments to which he was exposed by the spirit of faction, and the persecution of enemies, were increased by the loss of his daughter, an only child; and he must be added to the number of those who, after contributing to the amusement, the improvement, and the intellectual pleasures of others, find vexation, disquiet, and neglect, the reward for mental exertions.

MISCELLANY.

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SAINT MARC GIRARDIN.*

THE Archbishop of Hochsteden wishing to build a cathedral that should eclipse all the churches of Germany and of France, sought a plan from the most celebrated architect of Cologne. The name of this architect has remained unknown; but do not suppose that results merely from a destiny common to almost all the architects who, during the middle ages, covered Europe with Gothic monuments; there was another cause for it, as you shall see. The Archbishop Conrad conceived his

* Saint Marc Girardin, as Professor at the Sorbonne, as Academician, as Deputy, and as an author, displays the most brilliant and versatile talents. It is impossible in a translation to preserve the peculiar charm which his pen lends alike to a political speech, to a learned discourse, and to such light, graceful stories as this.

TRANSLATOR.

project in 1248; and two hundred years later laborers were yet at work on the cathedral.

One day, then, that the architect to whom Archbishop Conrad had applied, was walking along the banks of the Rhine, dreaming of his plan, he arrived in the midst of his reverie, at the *Porte des Francs*, where, even to this day, are standing a few mutilated statues. Here he sat down, and with his cane traced plans for the cathedral upon the sand, then effaced them, then traced others. The waters of the Rhine reflected the last rays of the sun sinking in the west. "Ah!" exclaimed the artist, admiring the sunset, "a cathedral whose rising towers should retain the light of day when river and city had been already enveloped in night—ah! that would be fine!" And he recommenced his designs on the sand.

Not far from him was seated a little old man, who seemed to watch him attentively. Once, the artist imagining he had found the plan for which he sought, exclaimed, "Yes, that is it!" and the little old man muttered, in a low tone, "Yes, that's it; 'tis the cathedral of Strasbourg." He was right. The artist believed himself inspired, while he had simply exercised his memory. He effaced then this plan, and began designing others. But each time that he felt satisfied, each time that he had formed a plan which seemed to correspond to his idea, the little old man murmured, with a sneer, "Mayence," "Amiens," or the name of some other city famous for its cathedral. "Zounds master," cried the artist, tired of these taunts, "you who know so well how to detect the faults of others, I would like to see you at work." The old man made no reply, contenting himself with another sneer. This vexed the artist. "Come, try it then!" And he offered the cane which he held in his hand.

The old man regarded him with a peculiar expression; then taking the cane, began to trace lines on the sand with such an air of intelligence and profound knowledge, that the artist exclaimed:

"Oh! I see you understand our art! Are you of Cologne?"

"No," drily answered the old man; and he handed back the cane to the artist.

"Why do you not go on?" asked the latter; "pray finish."

"No—you would take from me my plan of the cathedral, and enjoy all the honor of it."

"Listen old man, we are alone; (and indeed the bank was at this moment deserted—the night grew darker and darker) I will give you ten pieces of gold, if you will finish this plan before me."

"Ten pieces of gold! for me!" and the old man drew from under his cloak an enormous purse, which he tossed in the air; by the sound it was evidently full of gold. The artist sprang back a few steps, then returning with a gloomy and agitated air, he seized the old man by the arm, and drawing at the same time a poinard—

"Finish it," he cried, "or die!"

"What! violence against me!" and the old man, disembarassing himself of his adversary with surprising strength and agility, seized him in turn stretched him on the ground, and brandishing also a poinard—"Well, well," said he to the frightened artist, "now that you know neither gold nor violence can avail against me, this plan which I have sketched before you—you can obtain it—you can become famous by it."

"How?" asked the artist.

"Pledge to me thy soul for all eternity!"

The artist uttered a loud cry and made the sign of the cross. The Devil immediately disappeared.

Recovering his senses the artist found himself lying on the sand; he rose and returned to his lodgings, where the old woman who served him, and who had been his nurse, asked him why he came so late. But the artist did not listen to her. She served up his supper, but without eating, he retired to bed. His dreams were full of apparitions and in these apparitions were always present to his sight that old man and the admirable lines of the plan which he had traced. This cathedral which should surpass all others—this *chef d'œuvre* of which he dreamed—it existed; he had the plan of it! Next day he tried to design the towers, the portals, the nave. Nothing could satisfy him. The plan of the old man, that marvelous plan, was the only thing which could content him.

He went to the church of the Saints-Apôtres and attempted to pray. Vain effort! This church is small, low, narrow. How could it be otherwise at the side of the old man's mysterious church? At evening he again found himself, scarcely knowing how he had come there, on the banks of the Rhine. The same silence, the same solitude as yesterday. He advanced as far as the *Port des Francs*. The old man was standing there, holding in his hand a wand, with which he seemed to sketch upon the wall. Each line that he traced was a line of fire, and all these blazing lines crossed each other, interlaced themselves in a thousand ways, and yet in the midst of this apparent confusion, could be discerned forms of towers, bellries and gothic spires, which, after having glared a moment, vanished in darkness. Sometimes these burning lines seemed to arrange themselves in regular order; sometimes the artist fancied the plan of the wonderful cathedral was about to burst forth in splendor; but suddenly the vision was disturbed and the eye could distinguish nothing.

"Well, do you desire my plan?" asked the old man of the artist. The latter heaved a profound sigh.

"Do you desire it? Speak!" And as he said these words, he drew on the wall in fiery lines the sketch of a portal, which he instantly effaced.

"I will do what you require," replied the artist beside himself.

"To-morrow then, at midnight!"

On the morrow the artist awoke in lively and joyous spirits. He had forgotten all, except that he was at length to obtain the plan of the invisible cathedral of which he had so long dreamed. He opened his window; the weather was the finest in the world. The Rhine flowed on in the form of a crescent, its waters glittering beneath the sunlight while upon its banks Cologne seemed to descend and glide gently from the hill to the shore, and from the shore into the waves that bathed the feet of its ramparts.

"Let us see," said the artist, "where shall I place my cathedral?" and he looked around in search of some suitable spot. While he was thus occupied by thoughts of joy and pride, he saw his old nurse issue from the house, clothed in black.

"Where are you going, my good woman?"

cried the artist; "where are you going, thus clothed in black?"

"I am going to Saints-apotres, to a mass of deliverance for a soul in purgatory," and he moved away.

"A mass of deliverance!"

And immediately shutting the window, and throwing himself on his bed, melting into tears:

"A mass of deliverance?" he exclaimed. "But there will be neither mass nor prayers that can deliver me! Damned, damned forever! Damned because I have willed it!"

It was in this state that his nurse found him when she returned from church.

She inquired the cause of his agitation; and, as at first he did not answer, she began to implore him with such tenderness and weeping that the artist, unable longer to resist, told her of the promise he had made.

The old woman seemed petrified at the recital. Sell his soul to the demon; is it possible? He had then forgotten his baptismal promises, and the prayers which she had taught him long time ago? He must go instantly to confession.

The artist sobbed. Now the image of the marvelous cathedral, passing before his eyes, fascinated his spirit; and anon, the idea of his eternal damnation awoke within him, so keen and poignant that he shook convulsively on his bed.

The nurse, at a loss what to do, resolved to go and consult her confessor. She related to him the affair.

The priest—"A cathedral which would make Cologne the wonder of Germany!"

"But my father—"

"A cathedral to which crowds would flock in pilgrimage from all quarters!" After having thought and meditated, "My good woman," said the priest, handing to her a silver reliquary, "here is a relic of the eleven thousand virgins. Give this to your master; let him carry it with him to his rendezvous. Let him try to force from the Devil the plan of this wonderful cathedral before having signed any contract, and then let him show this relic."

It was half-past eleven o'clock when the architect quit his dwelling, leaving his nurse at prayers and having prayed himself during a good part of the evening. Under his cloak he bore the relic which was to serve as his safeguard. At the spot agreed upon he found the Devil, who this evening assumed no disguise.

"Fear nothing," said he to the architect, who was trembling; "fear nothing, and approach."

The architect approached.

"There is the plan for the cathedral, and here is the contract which you must sign."

The artist felt that on this moment depended his salvation. He prayed mentally, commending himself to God; then grasping with one hand the marvelous plan, and displaying in the other the sacred relic, he cried:

"In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and by the virtue of this sacred relic, begone, Satan, begone!"

The Devil stood motionless for a moment.

"Some priest has counseled you," said he to the artist; "it is a trick of the church!"

He lingered yet a while, apparently searching if he could not recover his plan, or throw himself upon the artist and strike him dead. But the latter stood upon his guard, pressing the plan against

his breast, and using the sacred relic as a buckler.

"I am vanquished!" exclaimed Satan; "but I shall know how to avenge myself in spite of thy priests and thy relics. This church that thou hast robbed me of shall never be finished. And as for thee, I will efface thy name from the memory of men. Thou shalt not be damned Architect of the Cathedral of Cologne, but thou shalt be forgotten and unknown!" And with these words the Devil disappeared.

These last words had made a singular impression upon the artist. "Forgotten and unknown!" He returned home, sad, although master of the wonderful plan. However, next day he caused a mass of thanksgivings to be said. Shortly afterward the construction of the cathedral was commenced. The Artist, as he saw it each day rising higher and higher, hoped that the demon's predictions would be falsified; and as for his name, he promised himself to have it engraved on a brazen tablet fastened in the portal.

Vain hope! Very soon dissensions between the Archbishop and the citizens of Cologne interrupted the works. The artist died suddenly, under circumstances which warranted the belief that the Devil had hastened his death. Since that period attempts have in vain been made, at various times, to complete the Cathedral of Cologne; and it is in vain also that the savans of Germany have made researches to bring to light the name of the architect. The cathedral has remained unfinished, and that name unknown.

THE MAN WHO NEVER SAW A PIANO.

ONE time an Arkansas man, a genuine character who had been born and bred in the backwoods, happened to be in a river town on the banks of the "Father of Waters," when one of its largest and most magnificent steamboats was lying at the pier. Our hero was magnificently clad in a wolf-skin cap, and blue homespun trowsers, thrust into his enormous cowhide boots. His huge red hands were adorned with brass rings, and numerous warts as large as nutmegs. Which gave note of his approach as he walked, like the rattle of the reptile. Attracted by the sound of music, the genius strolled on board the boat and accosted the captain:

"Mornin' stranger. Pretty peart music hereabouts. What mought'n it come out of?"

"A piano-forte, sir!"

"A what?"

"Piano-forte!"

"Never heern of one of one of them 'ere things before. Where mought it be, stranger?"

"In the lower cabin, sir,"

"Mought I take a look at the—thing?"

"Certainly, sir, walk down."

The Arkansas man needed no further information. He went "down stairs" into the cabin, where two tables were laid out for dinner.—Walking up the narrow passage between them, he swept off knives and forks by the swing of his coat flaps, but so intent was he upon the music and the piano at the farther end of the cabin, that he heeded not the ruin he created. Approaching the instrument he literally devoured it with his eyes. The young lady who was seated at it continued playing, and the "stranger" was wrapped in silent wonder. At length when the sounds ceased, he raised his cap respectfully and addressed the audience:

"Ladies, I'm much obligated to you for the kindness you hev done me. I never heard one of them 'ere things afore, and never 'spect to agin."

"You appear to be very much pleased with it," observed a lady.

"Why yes, madam, I am—somewhat—and perhaps I should like it better, if I had an ear for music—like my brother Dick. Yes—I like it well enough—but if my brother Dick could only hear that 'ere—thing—ladies, he'd tear his shirt and fall right thru' it."

DEAN SWIFT.

ON a visit to a gentleman resident 20 miles from his own house, the facetious Dean of St. Patrick, taking a morning walk with his friend, saw a countryman cruelly belabouring a horse. He sprang forward and wrested the saplin from his hand. The fellow, in apology for his severity, said, "No man liked to be brow-beat by a brute."—"Bumpkin," replied Swift, "do you know your own destiny in another world?"—"Lord love your soul, and you were there, and will tell all about it, you are a jewel of a jontleman."—"Why fellow, since you have been such a savage in your treatment of this animal, you shall take his place after death, and he will be your driver. In this way all hard-hearted acts are to be punished." The fellow, scratching his head, exclaimed, "Then Jasus ha mercy upon the Dean of St. Patrick! he will be split and doubled." He continued repeating these words with contortions that might have suited the Pythian prophetess, till Swift, losing all patience, seized him by the great coat which, fastened by a wooden pin, hung loose about him. Recovering as from an oracular ecstacy, he begged pardon, protesting he meant no offence, but the Dean insisted on an explanation.—"Yees shall hav it out on the faace," returned the Irish boor. "If this four-shanked joulter may lather a body for giving him a bid of a ticket, sorrow be to him that bamboozles and heart-wrings a brace of pretty ladies, he will be split and doubled for the twos; and swate Jasus ha' mercy on him if they pay home." The proprietor of the ground, seeing Dean Swift in great agitation, led him away, and ordered the countryman about his business. When they reached the house, the Dean went to the stables, called for his horse, and rode away. His host knew it would be in vain to oppose his departure. He never returned.

This anecdote has never been in print, but it is authentic, having been related to the writer by a grandson of the gentleman who witnessed the conscience searching scene which occurred but a short time previous to Dean Swift's derangement.—*La Belle Assem. Mar. 1817.*

FASHION.

A POWER as invisible and as despotic as the grand Llama of Thibet. It is said she is a goddess, but no one has ever seen her face, though all aspire to be acquainted with her Proteus forms. Her mandates, of which the origin is utterly unknown, are nevertheless understood and communicated by some inscrutable instinct, and obeyed with a still more inexplicable and uninquiring submission. The rich and the independent are the most eager to become her abject slave; and as spaniels are the most fawning when worst treated, so do her votaries delight in their idol, in proportion as her reign is ty-

rannical her fancies capricious, and her tastes posterous. In the service of this fickle and ungrateful despot, who casts off her most faithful followers, unless they will blindly conform to her ever-changing vagaries, the timid and delicate encounter pain, the indolent inconvenience and labor, the parsimonious expense. Many leave the tradesman and the tax-gatherer unpaid, that they may voluntarily tax themselves to supply offerings to this mysterious goddess, who finds her stronger supporters among the weak, her most faithful adherents among the inconstant, her warmest admirers among those who admire nothing but themselves. One would not object to the prevalent notion that whatever is fashionable is right, if our rulers of the mode would contrive that whatever is right should be fashionable.

NEVER DO IT.

NEVER ask the age of an unmarried lady when she is past five and twenty.

Never show your protested bill to a man you want to borrow money of.

Never expose your poverty to a rich relation if you would have him treat you as a cousin.

Never let it come to the ears of a rich and childless relative that you secretly pray for his sudden and premature dissolution.

Never tell a man he's a fool; in the first place he won't believe you, in the next you make him your enemy.

Never speak of the gallows to a man whose father or grand-father had been hanged; nor of the corruption of office holders to a government defaulter.

Never speak of the "time that tried men's souls" to one of Tory ancestry; nor of the battle of New Orleans to one who thinks the army of England invincible.

Never let your friend know, when you drop in to take a friendly dinner with him, that your landlady "blocked the game" on you because you had not paid her last week's board.

Never impose secrecy on a man to whom you communicate anything in confidence: he is sure to tell it to some friend if you do.

Never take a newspaper without paying for it. It's the shabbiest act you can possibly be guilty of.

TEETH.

We wonder if all our female readers take proper care of their teeth? We hope so, of course, but we fear not. Some of our fashionable artists "could tell a tale would harrow up the soul," about young rosy and lovely creatures; the stars in the bright galaxy of mode, and the admiration of all our sex. Sweet souls, who smile and sigh and simper, and shew a set of most beautiful teeth once the property of a sea calf or hippotamus. Of course, when ladies have bad teeth, they should go to the dentist; have them plugged and all that; and if they have got no teeth, why the proper way is to get them; but the best way (and that is as good as any) is for them to take care of their teeth when young, and never, under any consideration, let this duty pass. Brush your teeth with cold water and a little Peruvian bark in the morning; again with water only, directly after you leave the dinner table, and let this also be the last thing you do on going to bed. More depends on the state of your

teeth while sleeping, than during any other portion of the twenty-four hours. Never pick your teeth with a pin, nor suffer any metal to come near them; crack no almonds nor other shelled fruit between them, and when you are sewing, never on any consideration *bite off thread*. Take your scissors; they are made for it; teeth were not. Remember how enticing a plain woman is with a heavenly breath, and how disgusting an angel would be with a bad one, and take our advice—we charge you nothing.

WOUNDED AFFECTION.

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so it is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. With her the desire of the heart had failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglect all the cheerful exercise that gladdens the spirits, quickens the pulses, and sends the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the last external assailment. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

WEALTH.

WEALTH, true wealth, is that possession which satisfies the heart. Palaces and lands may still leave a man miserable. To be satisfied in one's cell—to feel no aching nor void—to sleep peacefully, and wake without pain, regret, or remorse, such is wealth. Content and health, are a prouder inheritance than belongs to kings. With these, the hardest pillow becomes soft, the roughest way smooth, the darkest future bright, and their possessor stands up a man, than whom God has made none nobler—free from the canker which follows power and fame, and independent of the exigencies which make and may shiver crowns. Money, beyond self-want, may be desirable; the necessities and misfortunes of our fellows often cast them upon us, and means to relieve them add as keenly to our joy as theirs. For the promotion of the good, the beautiful and the true, gold, goods and lands are a heritage from heaven; but when wrapped in a napkin, and bound to the heart, they congeal human sympathies, and blast human life.

A GOOD MAXIM.

"THE more quietly and peaceably we get on, the better—the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive quit his company; if he slanders you take care to live so that nobody will believe him; no matter who he is or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with."

"I HAVE LIVED," said Dr. Clarke, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—pokers, tongs, and all—keep them all going."

Dr. Franklin was dining with a tory preacher just before the revolution, who gave as a toast, "The King." The Doctor and others of his way of thinking drank it. By and by his turn came, and he gave "The Devil." This created some confusion; but the clergyman's lady understanding the drift, "Pray, gentlemen, drink the toast: Dr. Franklin has drank to our friend let us drink to *his*."

"MOTHER, don't you wish you had the tree of evil in your garden?" "Why, Josh you sarpent, what do you mean?" "As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree couldn't we get all the precious stuff?" "Josh, you pesky varmint, you're getting too smart entirely; that's what comes of sending boys to macadamies."

ECONOMY.—We saw a shrewd Yankee looking boy passing our office this morning, when the rain rained fastest, holding an umbrella over his head, and a pitcher under the edge of it to save the water.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

W. H. A. West Camp, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Alburgh Vt. \$3.00; I. M. Spencertown, N. Y. \$1.00; D. L. G. Ludlow, Vt. \$1.00; G. H. Middleport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Silom, N. Y. \$2.00; A. S. St. C. Albion, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. M. Sycamore, Ill. \$5.00; Mrs. E. C. Racine, Wis. Ter. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Le Roy Church, Mr. George H. Carpenter to Miss Martha M. Anson, both of Chicopee Falls, Mass.

On the 20th inst. by the same, Mr. Gilbert Harman, of Canaan, to Miss Christina Hollenbeck of Greenport.

In Kinderhook, on the 12th inst. by Wm. Strabel, D. D. Mr. John Hollenbeck to Miss Mary Kingman, daughter of Wm. Kingman, Esq. of Kinderhook.

At Mellenville, on the 18th inst. by Rev. Mr. Himrod, Mr. John J. Tyler to Miss Elizabeth J. Ackley, both of Hillsdale.

In Rondout, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mickle, Rensselaer Acley to Miss Nancy M. Barber, all of the former place.

In Stuyvesant, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. E. Nevins, Mr. James J. Member, to Miss Gertrude Ann Van Bramer, all of Stuyvesant.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 20th ult. Washington Becraft, in his 46th year.

On the 20th ult. Cornelius Macintroid, in his 56th year.

On the 13th inst. Rebecca Allen, daughter of Richard M. and Jane H. Remington, aged 9 months.

On the 18th inst. Mary Gaul, in her 47th year.

On the 20th inst. Julia daughter of Walton and Susan Cable, aged 4 years 5 months and 3 days.

At Fall River, on the 31st ult. Mrs. Dinah Macy, widow of the late Paul Macy, formerly of this city, aged 63 years and 6 months.

At Detroit, Mich. on the 7th inst. Charles A. son of Henry and Agnes Munger, formerly of this city, in the 14th year of his age.

At New Marlboro, Mass. on the 8th inst. Lucy, wife of Jacob Spaulding, and mother of N. A. Spaulding, of this city, aged 72 years.

In Chatham, on the 14th inst. Emily C. daughter of Reuben Moore.

In Austerlitz, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Davis, mother of Col. U. L. Davis, in the 65th year of her age.

At her residence in Ghent, Col. Co. on the evening of the 12th inst. widow Gertrude Harder, in the 91st year of her age.

In Nantucket, on the 29th ult. Capt. James Bunker, aged 78 years.

In New Bedford, on the 17th ult. Mrs. Rebecca, widow of the late Samuel Barker, of Nantucket, aged 72 years.

In Nantucket, on the 28th ult. Mrs. Phoebe, wife of Capt. John B. Coffin, aged 35 years.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

THE Summer is past and the harvest is o'er,
It is time pretty bird thou shouldst fly from our shore,
And seek those delights in more genial bowers,
Which Winter will shortly deny thee in ours.

Pray why dost thou linger so long pretty bird?
Already the blast's hollow cadence is heard,
Thou only art left, for thy comrades are gone,
And now o'er the seas thou must travel alone.

The crest of the mountains with vapors are capped,
The once vocal woods all in solitude wrapped,
The leaves are deprived of their purple and gold,
And thou, if thou tarry wilt perish with cold.

It grieves me sweet songster to see thee thus stay,
After all thy dear playmates have hasted away:
The trees are as green, and the skies are as clear,
In the far southern climes as they ever are here.

There too thou mayst roam through the sweet orange groves,
Through the gardens of spice, and the citron alcoves,
Where stars doubly bright watch the hours of repose,
And incense is borne on each zephyr that blows.

Thy plumage may not be as rich in its dyes,
As that of the birds in the tropical skies,
But contrast is pleasing, and carols like thine
Will charm where thy gaudier mates fail to shine.

I'm glad to behold thee now flying away,
And dipping thy wings in the lustre of day;
For methinks in thy beautiful flight I can scan,
An emblem that speaks of the transit of man.

When youth's lovely visions are all of them past,
And Autumn's stern shadows our pathway o'ercast,
We look for a home in a lovelier clime—
For a summer of beauty unbounded by time;—

Where pillowed on roses devoid of a thorn,
We shall dream not of Winter winds dreary and lorn,
Where a joy will be linked with each breath we inhale,
And happiness float on the wings of the gale.

But though not a friend may be left us below,
How oft like the bird we're unwilling to go,
And feel ourselves bound by a magical spell,
To the spot where we've long been accustomed to dwell.

By Jordan's dark river we doubtingly stand,
And cling to the boundary by which it is spanned,
Till the spirit its own immortality pleads,
And hastens away to the evergreen meads.

Claverack, 1847.

G. H. A.

"ASHES OF ROSES."

We do not know how we could better please our readers,
than by giving place to the following exquisitely beautiful
poem, which we find in a recent number of the Home Journal.
It is from the pen of the gifted Mrs. Osgood.

I prayed that God would take my child—I could not bear to
see

The look of suffering, strange and wild, with which she gazed
on me;

I prayed that God would take her back; but ah! I did not
know

What agony at last 'twould be to let my darling go.

She faded—faded in my arms, and with a faint, slow sigh,
Her fair, young spirit went away. Ah, God! I felt her die!
But oh! so lightly to her form Death's kindly angel came,
It only seemed a zephyr passed and quenched, a taper's flame;
A little flower might so have died! so tranquilly she closed
Her lovely mouth, and on my breast her helpless head reposed.

Where'er I go, I hear her low and plaintive murmuring;
I feel her little fairy clasp around my finger cling.
For oh! it seemed the darling dreamed, that while she clung
to me,

Safe from all harm of Death or pain she could not help but be;
That I, who watched in helpless grief, my flower fade away,
That I—ah, heaven! had life and strength to keep her from
decay!

She clung there to the very last—I knew that all was o'er,
Only because that dear, dear hand, could press mine own no
more.

Oh! God! give back, give back my child! but one, one hour,
that I

May tell her all my passionate love before I let her die!
Call not the prayer an impious one, for *Thou* didst fill my
soul

With this fond, yearning tenderness, that nothing can control!
But say instead, "Beside thy bed, thy child's sweet spirit
glides,

For pitying Love has heard the prayer, which heavenly wis-
dom chides!"

I know—I know that she is blest! but oh! I pine to see
Once more the pretty, pleading smile she used to give to me;
I pine to hear that low, sweet *trill*, with which, where'er I
came,

Her little, soft voice welcomed me—half welcome and half
blame!

I know her little heart is glad—some gentle angel guides
My loved one on her joyous way, where'er in heaven she
glides,

Some angel far more wisely kind than ever I could be,
With all my blind, wild, mother-love—my Fanny, tends on
thee!

And every sweet want of the heart her care benign fulfils,
And every whispered wish for me, with lulling love she stills.
Upborne by its own purity—thy light form floats away,
And heaven's fair children round it throng and woo thee to
their play,

Where flowers of wondrous beauty rise, and birds of splendor
rare,

And balm and bloom and melody divinely fill the air.

I hush my heart—I hide my tears—lest he my grief should
guess,

Who watched thee, darling, day and night, with patient ten-
derness;

'Twould grieve his generous soul to see this anguish, wild and
vain,

And he would deem it sin in me to wish thee back again:
But oh! when I am all alone, I cannot calm my grief;

I think of all thy touching ways and find a sweet relief;
Thy dark, blue, wistful eyes look up once more into my own;

Thy faint soft smile one moment plays—one moment thrills
thy tone.

The next—the vision vanishes, and all is still and cold;
I see thy little tender form—oh misery! in the mould!

I shut my eyes, and pitying heaven a happier vision gives,
Thy spirit dawns upon my dream—I know my treasure lives.

No, no—I must not wish thee back, but might I go to thee!
Were there no other loved ones here, who need my love and
me;

I am so weary of the world—its falsehood and its strife—
So weary of the wrong and ruth that mar our human life!

Where *thou* art, Fanny, all is love and peace and pure delight;
The soul that here must *hide* its face—there lives serene in
right;

And ever, in its lovely path, some new, great truth divine,
Like a clear star, that dawns in heaven, undyingly doth shine.

My child, while joy and wisdom go thro' that calm sphere
with thee—

Oh, wilt thou not sometimes look back my pining heart to see?
For now a strange fear chills my soul—a feeling like despair—

Lest thou forget me mid those scenes—thou dost not need me
there;

Ah no! the spirit-love, that looked from those dear eyes of
thine,

Was not of earth—it could not die! It still responds to mine!
And it may be—(how thrills the hope thro' all my soul again!)
That I may tend my child in heaven—since *here* my watch
was vain!

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.
—Romans, xii. 11.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

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W. B. STODDARD.

Hudson, N. Y. December, 18, 1847.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD

Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1847.

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